Rebirth

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Summary: When an old enemy comes back from the dead, Simba and his friends will have to do everything they can to survive...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Meeting of the Maniacs

AN: As promised, here is the Halloween story. Of course it'll climax on the 31st October. How could it not? That means an update every day! Yay! Unlike the previous story, it's kind of that 'funny scary', if you get what I mean. Plus you get to see the return of a villain who we haven't seen in a long, long time.

One more thing, too. I don't know if anyone's noticed this, but a writer called Lionlove2002 seems to have stolen the style and certain iterations of characters from my series in one of his/her stories. It's called "The deadly gifted". I implore you to take a look at it. It's not that good.

Rebirth

Chapter One: Meeting of the Maniacs

It was a nasty night.

Normally, one would think of a 'nasty night' as a night filled with storms; thunder and lightning. That sort of thing. The kind of weather that just feels uncomfortable. Makes you feel like something is about to kill you.

But on this particular night—deep in the middle of the jungle—'nasty' meant something entirely different.

In the dark and misty clearing, evil clung to every single tree in the surrounding area. A large fire crackled in the centre. The only noise to be heard. Everything else was just silence. Unbearable silence. It looked like the scene of an execution.

Or a resurrection.

"I can't believe you dragged me out here," a voice huffed. Situated next to the fire was a small frog. "Don't you think I have enough trouble keeping out of the public eye without being brought into the middle of the jungle? There could be anyone watching."

"There's no one here, you idiot," replied a cub stood beside the fog. The cub's eyes were cold and unmoving; he was focused solely on the fire. It looked like he was dead on the inside. Maybe that was true. Maybe it wasn't. "No one's going to find you. Although why anyone would even bother, I have no idea."

"Normally animals come to me for a different reason," said another voice. The only other soul in the clearing. A lion with black fur and a sleek blonde mane. "To hunt down their enemies. But now everyone thinks I'm dead." He shot a glare at the frog. "Thanks to *you*."

The frog—he was called Froggy—frowned. "I was under extreme stress and exhaustion. Plus I wanted revenge."

"So did I," retorted the lion—a menacing creature known as the Interceptor. He was famous for being a 'hunter for hire'. Say, there was a particular lion that another lion didn't like. The Interceptor would find and kill that particular lion, leaving as little evidence of the murder as possible. He was a fearsome opponent—good at escaping just as mush as pursuing. "I've wanted revenge for ages."

"As do I," said the cub. He was known simply as Shocker. He had since abandoned his original name of Duni after being struck by lightning and granted incredible electrical powers. "That's why I have brought you both here. We have a common enemy."

"*Those cubs*," both the Interceptor and Froggy chorused.

"*Those cubs* indeed," replied Shocker, a faint smile crossing his face. He'd had several encounters with the cubs in question—Simba, Nala and Haiba—and he wouldn't mind ejecting them all from the face of the earth. Although he had far more painful methods planned for the three… "I'm sure you're all aware that our previous methods of executing them have proven to be… *inefficient*." His eyes glowed with quiet anger in the light of the fire.

"Thanks to you," the Interceptor snapped at Froggy. "I could have killed that stupid prince if I had the chance."

"Well, you shouldn't have interrupted my plan to turn him to the dark side," Froggy responded calmly. "I was *so* close, too. A few more days and he would have been the evillest cub around."

"Somehow, I doubt that," said Shocker, knowing that there was no cub with more evil in their heart than him.

"And was it really necessary to kick me into that waterhole?" the Interceptor demanded. "Do you know how hard it was to dig an underwater tunnel so I could escape?"

"You could have just swum back out," Froggy told him.

"Yeah—and let them chase after me?" the Interceptor retorted. "I don't think so. The Interceptor is chased by no one."

"Oh, you're just being stupid," Froggy said.

"Enough arguing!" Shocker boomed, the tips of his claws crackling with electricity. It seemed the angrier he became, the stronger his powers grew. "Now, in spite of our failure, I think that it's time for a more… *violent* approach to get rid of them."

"Go in and massacre them all," the Interceptor suggested. "That's quick."

Shocker shook his head. "I was thinking of something far more humiliating. And more intelligent."

"Intelligent?" said Froggy. This Shocker kid sure had a habit of talking like he was sixty years ahead of his time. He seemed to possess knowledge on a scale that not even adults could comprehend. His powers had to have something to do with it… "And just what do you mean by that?"

"Tell me…" Shocker turned towards them; in the illumination the flames provided, he could be seen smiling evilly. His reputation as the 'evillest cub around' sure had some merit. "Have you ever heard of the name Taka?"

"Taka?" The Interceptor's eyes widened slightly. "I haven't heard that name in years. How do you know about it?"

"It's part of an old legend," Shocker explained. "In some cases, the name 'Taka' can mean 'dirt'. Some have said that for generations, the 'dirt' in every family was called Taka. The runt of the litter. The disgrace." The way he spoke, it sounded like Shocker sometimes thought of himself as a 'Taka'.

"You see," Shocker continued, "it has *also* been said that the Taka in every family eventually turned evil. In fact, out of all the stories I've heard—and there have been many—*every* Taka has turned evil. Murdered their families. And then driven to insanity, right before ending their miserable existences."

"So it's like a curse?" guessed the Interceptor. Despite his psychotic impulses, he was still an intelligent being. Not as foolish as Froggy.

"You could say that," Shocker replied softly. "But… one of the Takas changed their name. For reasons unknown to me, a Taka in the Pride Lands altered his name… to Scar."

"Scar?" The Interceptor snorted. "I've heard of him." A mad lion driven to insanity after countless failed attempts to enslave the Pride Lands. He'd heard that Scar was stabbed in the back by one of his compatriots. Good riddance, the Interceptor thought. Even he had standards.

"Some say that Scar lived longer than most," Shocker told them. "Perhaps due to the change of his name. If it really *was* a curse, then maybe that was the way around it. But out of all the Takas I have heard of, he was the worst. On a vicious level that even *I* sometimes have trouble understanding."

"But what does he have to do with revenge?" Froggy suddenly asked, having been silent for most of Shocker's story. "I thought we were going to destroy those cubs once and for all! So far I've heard nothing! *Nothing*!"

"Shut up!" Shocker snarled, sending a small lightning bolt zapping in his direction. Froggy squealed, hopping out of the way just in time. "I'll be getting to that soon enough. The point is that Scar was one of the few lions that came very close to killing the precious Prince Simba."

"But he's dead," the Interceptor put it firmly. "It's not like he would be of much help to us now."

Shocker let out an unsettling chuckle. "As I've learnt, there are certain… *methods* of bringing one back from the dead. But only with certain power."

"Is it possible to learn this power?" asked the Interceptor.

Shocker stared at him. "Not from a mortal."

"That's us screwed, then," Froggy said. He was about to hop away when Shocker spoke up again.

"Luckily, you have one right in front of you," he said. "I myself am… immortal."

"So you can bring this Scar guy back from the dead?" the Interceptor presumed.

Shocker nodded. "It will be possible. Once he is reborn, we can send him into the Pride Lands to finish off those cubs, while we sit back and relax. The resurrection itself is the hard part. Everything else will be… simple."

"And what happens when he kills Simba?" Froggy asked. "Won't he take over the Pride Lands? *I* need the Pride Lands!"

"Do not worry, my little green friend," Shocker said. "You will have your precious Pride Lands. After Scar has done his work, I will send him back into the darkness where the deceased reside. My powers will make short work of him."

"Are you sure the *cubs* won't make short work of him?" said the Interceptor.

"He is uncontainable," Shocker replied. "The cubs will find themselves ripped to shreds in a matter of mere seconds. It'll be over before it has even begun."

Shocker began to laugh sinisterly, long and hard. Froggy joined in, followed by the Interceptor.

The three villains seemed to have finally come up with the greatest of all plans. They weren't going to do the killing—they would get someone *else* to do it for them. At long last, Simba, Nala, and Haiba would be nothing more than skeletons on the ground.

"*I like it!*"

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: An Evening Ruined

Chapter Two: An Evening Ruined

"Haiba, are you okay?"

No. Definitely not. Never again. I won't be okay for about a billion trillion years. Don't even bother asking.

"Of course I'm okay," Haiba assured Nala, noticing the concerned expression on her face. He gave her one of his cheesy grins for added effect. "Same as always."

Simba, Nala and Haiba were sat on the edge of Pride Rock, watching the evening sunset. It didn't take Nala long to notice that Haiba wasn't his usual self. He'd been far too quiet for the past few days. Something strange was up with him…

"I don't know." Nala shrugged. "You've seemed kinda… *distant* lately. You sure there's not something wrong?"

Everything's wrong. I hardly even see the point anymore. Why do I even help people if they're just going to die in the end?

"I'm fine," he insisted. "Seriously. You sure you're not becoming overly suspicious?"

"I'm not being suspicious," she said. "It's just that ever since that whole thing with Binamu, you've been—"

"Don't talk about her," Haiba snapped. "Don't mention her ever again!"

Simba and Nala gave him a surprised look. They both knew. It didn't take the smartest cub on earth to figure out that his sudden change in mood had something to do with the untimely death of his cousin a few days ago. It was a horrible incident, and not one that they wanted to discuss, but Haiba was clearly having trouble taking in the circumstances. Obviously, there was something very wrong that he wasn't telling them.

"Haiba, if there's something wrong, then you know you can tell us," Simba told him kindly. "We're your friends."

For a moment, it seemed as if Haiba was going to explain the situation to them. But instead he scowled. "There's nothing wrong! Just leave me alone!" And with that, he stormed off, leaving Simba and Nala both utterly stunned.

"What's eating him?" Nala asked, surprised at how violently angry he had reacted to Simba. "I just don't get it."

Simba narrowed his eyes in thought as he watched Haiba march away. "It must be something to do with his cousin," he mused. "You know—when she died on that mountain."

"He couldn't do anything," Nala said. "She got stabbed right through the chest."

"And you were crushed by a boulder," Simba retorted. "But you were saved by that… that mist stuff."

"But… why me instead of her?" Nala wondered.

"You had more of a chance," Simba replied. "At least, that's what I think. You were more likely to live."

"Maybe…" Nala agreed softly. "But I'm still worried about Haiba. It's obviously affected him more than we expected."

"We've never lost anyone like that," Simba said. "Not really. Sure, we've had a few scares, but it's always worked out."

"Hmm," Nala nodded. She felt sorry for Haiba. The poor guy, losing a cousin so suddenly. And it seemed like they were making such great progress, too. For such a horrible thing to happen, well… it had to have broken Haiba's heart. "Maybe I should go talk to him."

Simba shook his head, getting to his paws. "No, I'll do it. You never know—he might try to hurt you."

"What?" Nala laughed at the prospect. "Haiba wouldn't ever do—"

"You sure?" Simba interrupted. "I mean, what did it feel like when he was angry?"

Nala thought for a second, as an unexpected chill tore through her body. "It felt… scary," she admitted.

"Exactly," said Simba. "He doesn't get mad often—but when he does, he could be dangerous. I'll talk to him, just to be on

the safe side. You wait here."

"Oh, I'll be all right," Nala assured him. "Besides, it's about time I spoke to my mother. I think I've hardly said a word to her since that whole Family of Blood thing."

"Uh, Nala?"

"What?"

"Your eyes are glowing red."

"Huh?" Nala blinked, and her eyes returned to their normal colour. "But—but I thought I got rid of that."

"Then why is it still happening?" Simba questioned.

"I don't know," Nala moaned, covering her face with her forepaws. "There has to be something wrong with me. Something in my blood. I've got a father who's an evil wizard and a mother who's half-vampire. Can my family get any weirder?"

"Consider yourself lucky," Simba retorted. "I've got a mom and dad who don't listen to anything I say. And the rules they're giving me are just ridiculous."

King Mufasa suddenly spotted Simba as he headed out of the den. "Simba!" his father boomed. "You're only supposed to blink once every day! You're grounded for nine years!"

Simba frowned at Nala. "You see?"

"Grr…" Haiba growled, as he sat on the high branch of a tree on the outskirts of the Pride Lands. It was situated on the top of a cliff, overlooking the flatlands that led up to the jungle. "Can my friends be any stupider?"

Couldn't they just keep their mouths shut? Why did they have to be so pushy? His inner feelings—or, to be more precise, inner torment—was to be kept to himself. He didn't need their opinion or approval of it. All he wanted was to be left alone. Preferably for ever.

"Idiots…" Haiba sighed, closing his eyes. "All idiots…"

A light breeze ruffled his fur. It actually managed to provide some comfort. The climate was just perfect for him in this particular area. He'd picked it especially in case there was ever a time when he wanted to be alone. Right now, it was turning out to be a big help.

His emotions were out of control. He felt angry. Angry at Simba and Nala for not minding their own business. Angry at Hago for cursing the place that had killed his beloved cousin. Angry at life for being so unfair.

And he felt sad. Saddened by Simba and Nala's lack of faith in him. Saddened by Binamu's loss. Saddened by the misery that had tormented him relentlessly for the past few days.

He felt like he was about to burst into tears. So much so that he put a paw to his cheek. Sure enough, he felt something wet. He had been crying without even knowing it. The sadness was just leaking out. He couldn't stop it. Emotions were like that. They controlled you—not the other way around.

Haiba blinked his eyes open, and stared at the setting sun. The sky had turned a light purple colour. For some reason, he wished that it would remain the evening for ever. He didn't want the night to black out his world.

Plus there was that unpleasant… feeling in the air. He couldn't describe it, but he had the suspicion that this night in particular was going to be nasty. Not in a weather sense—he'd seen enough stormy nights to last a lifetime—but in a *different* sort of way. Either he was going crazy, or something evil was lurking around the Pride Lands. Ready to strike.

That's stupid, he told himself. *Stop being so pathetic. You're weak, Haiba. You'll always be weak until you take control.*

Pushing such silly thoughts out of his mind, he instead returned his attention to the misery that he was suffering. *I'm sorry, Binamu,* he thought. *I'm so sorry. I should have been able to save you. I could have done better. I* should *have done better.* Haiba bowed his head in shame. *But I'm just a… weakling. A stupid, pathetic weakling. I should have died instead of you. I would have given my life so you could live. You deserve it.*

He just couldn't shake off the guilt. Binamu had died unfairly, and he felt responsible for it. She had been impaled

through the chest with a sharpened stick—but he could have prevented this. He should have been watching her. After all, wasn't he trying to improve their relationship? Wasn't protecting her a big part of that? Wasn't it the right thing to do?

Of course it was. And he'd failed. He'd just sat there, paws covered in blood, as he watched Binamu bleed to death right in front of him. She'd apologised for the rude manner in which she had treated him, but he was beginning to think that maybe she was right to after all.

I'm sorry, he thought, for what felt like the millionth time. His eyes flickered shut. *I'm sorry…*

Haiba fell away into a deep slumber, dreaming of death and the sadness that accompanied it…

AN: Poor Haiba. You just want to give him a hug, don't you? Ah, well. Let the little guy suffer for a while. Cruelty is one of my specialties. But who cares about him? Scar is coming back! Shocker's dastardly plan just might work. Or it could end up being a lot more than he bargained for...

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: The Resurrection of Scar

AN: I see you're all back for more of this Halloween tale. Well, this is it. The moment you've all been waiting for. You can tell by the chapter title what will transpire in this chapter. Time for the return of Scar! You may laugh evilly now.

LionKingFactsGuy2: Mufasa and Sarabi are driving everyone nuts. Why are they going crazy? You never know when I might reveal that...

the-mysterious-other: If you're thinking of my stories when watching *The Lion King*, then that means a lot to me. Thanks.

anonymous13: Yes, I recognised your *Interceptor* quote. It's when he gets arrested by the police, isn't it? Decision made—it's going in the story...

Heero Kitsune 18: Darth Haiba? You never know. I'm not sure whether he'll go all *Naruto* on us. I've never seen that, if I'm honest. Anime isn't my thing.

Kblade: You don't have an account anymore? I'm sorry to hear that. I was wondering why you'd disappeared, too.

Chapter Three: The Resurrection of Scar

The night after their meeting, Shocker, the Interceptor and Froggy had agreed to meet up again in the same spot. A similar-looking fire was glowing softly; Shocker, as usual, was staring at it. It was as if his soul were being reflected right back at him.

"So what's the plan?" the Interceptor asked, eager to get on with this supposed 'resurrection'. He hoped—wanted—it to work. It was about time that he got the revenge he deserved. "It had better be good."

"Oh, it shall be good, my friend," Shocker replied, his expression unchanging. The child seemed to be so blank. Like his life had been sucked right out. Quite ironic, considering his immortality. "You can count on that. In fact, it will be brilliant."

"How are you going to resurrect the dude?" Froggy asked, hopping up and down excitedly. "I hope it doesn't take too long—I want my revenge!"

"You won't have *anything* if you don't shut up," Shocker snapped. The frog was slowly becoming intolerable. He was considering shocking him into oblivion and allowing only the Interceptor to share in his revenge scheme. At least he *had* a brain. "Now be silent, or be sorry."

Froggy frowned, turning away from him. *How rude,* he thought.

"As annoying as the creep is, he asked a good question," said the Interceptor. "How will you bring Scar back to life?"

"It is a simple process," Shocker replied, much to the Interceptor's surprise. "With the right power, of course. Although I will admit that finding his body was something of a difficult task."

"Where was he buried?" the Interceptor asked curiously.

"Deep in the Outlands," Shocker told him. "It took me more than an hour to dig his skeleton out. But here it is."

It was only then that the Interceptor and Froggy noticed the skeleton lying beside the fire. They both took an instinctive step backwards.

"And how on earth did you manage to bring it all the way out here?" the Interceptor exclaimed.

"Easy," said Shocker. "I fused the bones together with my powers. You'd be surprised what a little bit of electrical heat can do. Then I just carried it to this very spot—and here we are."

"So how do we go from *that*"—the Interceptor pointed at the skeleton—"to a full body?"

"I have… connections with certain aspects of life," Shocker informed them. "I could transfer a small portion of my immortal life into his body, thus bringing him back into the world of the living. It's not exactly like it will matter. I cannot die—no matter how much I would like to."

"How long is it gonna take?" Froggy blurted out. "I have busy things to do!"

Shocker grabbed Froggy in a paw, crushing him tightly. "If you speak one more *syllable*, then I'll transfer *your* life into Scar's!"

"I'll be nice," Froggy choked out.

Shocker dropped him to the ground, before staring at the remains of Scar. "All that evil—reduced to nothing," he said. "But not for much longer. We can bring him back, and make sure that he does what we have failed to do."

"Are you sure he will listen to us?" the Interceptor asked, raising an eyebrow in curiosity. He knew about how volatile Scar could be; as soon as he came back, he might just kill them.

"He'll listen to us," Shocker assured him. "I'm just as smart as he is. We'll have common ground together. As long as the frog keeps his mouth shut, then civilised beings like me and you won't have a problem with Scar."

"I hope so," the Interceptor mumbled, still a little doubtful.

Shocker reached out with a paw, smoothing the forehead of Scar's skull. "The time is nearly perfect," he said, glancing up at the sky. A full moon was coming into place, glowing brightly in the night. "Soon it will be midnight. The opportune time for a resurrection."

"Have you done resurrections before?" asked the Interceptor.

"Not necessarily," Shocker replied. "Although I have knowledge of how to perform them. I myself have been resurrected. Why, I cannot say. But I would give anything to find out."

What makes you so special? the Interceptor wondered. *How come no one else gets to live for ever?*

Shocker stared at the fire, embracing the heat. He closed his eyes and took a deep sigh, as if inhaling the evil atmosphere. This particular night was even nastier than the one that had preceded it. "It is time."

"Time for—?" But before the Interceptor could say anything more, Shocker's claws were beginning to crackle with electrical power. He wondered how the cub managed to contain it all. Shocker was an impossible being. A freak of nature. Something about him… just wasn't right.

"Place the skeleton in the flames," Shocker commanded, not even looking at the Interceptor or Froggy. "*Now.*"

The Interceptor shrugged, and did as he was asked. He picked up the skeleton—thankful that Shocker had fused the bones together so they wouldn't fall apart—and hurled it right into the fire in the centre of the clearing.

"Now stand back," Shocker ordered. The Interceptor did so. "And now we can begin."

Shocker reached out with his forepaws, and began to fire his trademark electricity right at the fire.

Instantly, the flames seemed to grow in intensity. The fire became brighter—so much that the Interceptor and Froggy had to squint in order to keep their eyes open. Evil forces were clearly at work. Evil that they just couldn't understand.

Shocker continued to launch electricity into the fire. He wasn't squinting—his eyes were wide open. The Interceptor was amazed to find that the cub hadn't gone blind yet. His eyes should be fried!

This can't be healthy, Froggy thought, as he watched the unusual resurrection. He felt a pang of fear in his stomach. If the resurrection was this fierce, then what was Scar going to be like when he returned?

Focused firmly on his work, Shocker opened his mouth, and began to speak. Whatever it was, neither the Interceptor nor Froggy understood it.

"*Ameanguka maovu moja, kutoka wafu… Njoo nyuma maisha!*" Shocker cried at the top of his lungs, seemingly bursting with passion. He was going to bring this evil lion back from the dead—no matter what he had to do.

The fire began to explode with electrical energy. The flames danced around the clearing. The Interceptor and Froggy jumped back as a series of fireballs began to shoot out, attacking the nearby trees. A burning branch fell down in front of them, nearly crushing the two.

"*Whoa!*" The Interceptor couldn't believe what he was witnessing. He'd seen some weird things in his life, but this really took it to a whole new level. This was insane! "I don't know whether to hate it or *like it!*"

More branches began to plummet from the trees, reduced to smouldering crisps by the random fireballs. The electricity

was firing out like lightning bolts in a storm, scorching the tree trunks and turning them an unpleasant black colour.

It all seemed to be building up. In noise, intensity and power—all at the same time. It was a nightmare of unbelievable proportions. It looked more like a ghastly murder method than a resurrection.

The noise was so loud that the Interceptor and Froggy covered their ears. The flames were so bright that they shut their eyes as tight as they possibly could. From within the carnage, a loud, sinister laugh could be heard. Unlike any laugh they had heard before. It wasn't coming from Shocker. It came from someone else…

The flames became noisier, and the electricity became more powerful. And then—

—everything exploded, and there was silence.

The Interceptor and Froggy waited a few seconds before opening their eyes, afraid of any hidden danger that might be waiting to hurt them. When they did dare to look, what they found was sight most disturbing indeed.

Only a few faint, crackling flames remained on the ground surrounding the inferno that had since been extinguished. A thick red mist obscured a figure stood where the fire had been.

Cackling evilly, the figure emerged from the horrible mist.

Shocker grinned.

The Interceptor looked stunned.

Froggy looked terrified.

Scar stared back at them.

At long last, he was reborn.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: A Greeting from the Villains

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The Interceptor tried to hide the sudden fear that he was experiencing when looking at Scar. He seemed elegant in appearance—an elegance that masked the quiet anger and violent tendencies he was prone to.

But, he might as well give him a warm greeting. At least that would put him on Scar's good side.

"How you doing?" the Interceptor held out a paw for him to shake. "Interceptor. How you doing?"

Scar's response was to slash him across the face with his permanently extended claws.

"*Wah!*" The Interceptor reeled backward, crashing onto his back and clutching a paw to his cheek. It was bleeding profusely.

Scar stared at him with casual interest. "I so despise friendly lions," he said.

"I'm not friendly, ya idiot!" the Interceptor exclaimed through the pain. "I was just trying to be—"

Shocker jumped on his stomach, knocking the wind out of him and preventing him from speaking any further.

"It's such a pleasure to meet an evil lion like yourself, Scar," Shocker greeted him. He was proud to be finally meeting one of his idols. "I must admit to feeling rather privileged. Especially after learning all of the death and destruction you have caused. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Shocker."

Scar didn't seem to pay attention to any of Shocker's glorifying praise for him. "How did I end up here?" he asked. "The last thing I remember is dying. That wretched wizard Hago shot me in the back. And then… nothing."

"I'm not sure if you know this," Shocker explained, "but you have been dead for a great deal of time, Scar. Only with the help of my powers were you able to be resurrected."

"You… brought me back from the dead?" It didn't take Scar long to take in the realisation. A faint smile crossed his face, and he chuckled. "That's… interesting."

"Interesting indeed," agreed Shocker. "But… I'm afraid to say that your… newfound life comes with a price."

Scar ignored him, and noticed Froggy shuddering and cowering on the ground in fear. "What… is *that*?" he asked, pointing to the frog with a deadly claw. "And why is it in my presence?"

"Froggy, Mr Scar, sir," he replied shakily. "It's a pleasure to meet—"

Scar flicked him with a claw, sending him flying straight into a tree trunk. *Thwack!* He slid to the ground, unconscious in seconds.

"I hate small creatures," he frowned. "So insignificant." He turned around to face Shocker, glaring at him. "You said something about a price?"

Shocker was careful to explain this part. He didn't want to anger Scar, and suffer a death that wouldn't be complete unless he had his revenge first. This had to be done in an efficient, professional manner. He was good at negotiating things. "Well… let's just say that I have a certain… proposition for you."

Scar took a step towards him. "I'm listening," he said, narrowing his evil green eyes.

"Tell me, Scar… have you ever had a hunger for revenge?" Shocker asked, a faint smirk crossing his face.

"For all of my life," replied Scar. He wanted revenge on his brother—for taking away his right to rule the Pride Lands. He wanted revenge on Simba—for making sure that his plans failed so many times. In fact, he wanted revenge on too many animals to count. "Where exactly are you going with this proposition of yours?"

"I would like you to perform a little act of revenge for me," Shocker revealed, trying to sound casual about the fact. "An act of revenge that I think *both* of us will be interested in."

"Could you get off me?" the Interceptor grunted. Shocker was still stood firmly on his stomach.

"If you insist," Shocker said, hopping from the Interceptor and landing on the ground. "You see, Scar, I know very well of

the hate that you have for the Prince of the Pride Lands."

Scar's eyes seemed to glow with anger. "*Simba*," he hissed. That puny little ball of fluff that had stopped his plans to rule over the Pride Lands so many times. The tiny runt just seemed to have a resistance to death. Just how did one cub manage to stop a fully grown, powerful lion like him?

"Yes—*Simba*." Shocker's smile widened. "Such an awkward little cub, isn't he? Always so desperate to protect those he loves. Always so brave to stop our plans to smite him."

"I presume you have met him?" Scar asked, raising an eyebrow.

"A few times," Shocker admitted. "He is the cause of my immortality. I am an immortal being, in case you didn't know. It is that power that allowed me to bring you back to life in the first place."

"How exciting," said Scar flatly. He'd had enough of Shocker's gloating about the place. "Now get to the point. What exactly are you proposing?"

"It's quite simple, actually," Shocker said. "I would like you to go into the Pride Lands and do what you do best. Destroy Simba and his friends. *Exterminate* them. It's always been your lifelong dream to slaughter the prince, has it not?"

"Ever since he was born," Scar confessed. "I would have been next in line had it not been for his existence."

"Then you'll just love my plan, won't you?" Shocker said, lying down casually on the ground. "Admit it—you want to kill them. *So* badly, am I right?"

"My hatred for Simba—and his father—grows stronger with every second," Scar told him. "How could I not find your plan enticing? We both have… common ground."

Bingo, Shocker thought, knowing that his plan had worked exactly as he wanted it to. "Good, Scar. Very good. You can reclaim the throne and have all the peace you want once you're finished. All I want is Simba and his friends destroyed. You can bring me his head as a gift, if you want."

"It would give me great pleasure," Scar said. "I shall go to the Pride Lands immediately and give my arch enemies a surprise that they won't ever forget. After all…" A sly smile crossed his face. "I do have the power."

"Huh?" Shocker didn't understand.

Not until he was shot right in the face with electricity.

Shocker crashed right into a tree, splintering the trunk and causing him to grunt as he slumped to the ground. "Why the heck did you do that?"

Shocker watched with… well, *shock*, as Scar's paws crackled with electricity. "You are a powerful cub, but also a foolish one. You should have put more effort into my resurrection. It seems that you have transferred some of your powers into me."

I didn't put enough effort *in?* Shocker thought in outrage. Scar should be kissing his paws with gratitude right now! Instead he was betraying him? "Scar, just what do you think you're doing?"

"Utilising my newfound strength," Scar replied, as he sent another lightning bolt zapping straight at Shocker. "I must admit it's very enthralling."

Shocker rolled out of the way as the bolt seared past his back, scorching his fur a nasty black colour. "*Yow!*" The pain was almost unbearable. But he gritted his teeth, and tried not to scream.

Scar laughed evilly at the top of his voice. "I think Simba is going to be in for quite a… *shock*, if I do say so myself."

"You should be praising me!" Shocker yelled, pointing a claw at the villainous lion. "I brought you back from the dead! And I can kill you again just as easily, too!"

Shocker lifted a paw to attack Scar, but he wasn't fast enough. Scar began to zap him again and again, sending him bumping and banging across the ground. Pain exploded before his eyes repeatedly. He'd always wondered what it felt like to be on the receiving end of his own powers.

Now he knew.

Shocker's eyes snapped shut, and he succumbed to unconsciousness.

Scar chuckled, pleased that he had silenced the cub. He didn't care whether Shocker had brought him back to life or not. All that mattered was getting the revenge that he deserved. He wasn't going to take orders from anyone—and certainly not a cub like him.

"Goodbye, Shocker," Scar said with an unpleasant smile, before turning away from his body and stepping over the Interceptor. "Goodbye— Wait, who are you?"

"Interceptor! I just told you my name!" he yelled.

Scar ignored him, and walked away from the scene of his resurrection.

There were much more important things to be done.

AN: A betrayal by Scar? I never would have guessed. He's an evil monster, isn't he? If Shocker can't contain him, then how will Simba, Nala and Haiba cope? They're going to be in for a surprise. Anyway, I hope you review and I'll see you tomorrow for more.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Fear of a Name

AN: I bet you're all waiting to see more of Scar, right? Of course you are.

Haradion: Yep. I'm very proud of how Scar's resurrection turned out. It just had to be explosive.

anonymous13: The most popular literary franchise ever? I don't know about that. I guess I do profess my love for *Aladdin* sometimes. It's actually my favourite Disney film.

DarkDevil002: But I live for my puns! Oh, well. I guess you could say this story is emotionally *scarring*, eh? Eh? Just laugh.

Chapter Five: Fear of a Name

Haiba couldn't tell how long he'd been sitting in the tree for. He'd drifted in and out of sleep for the next day, not really caring whether he was conscious or not. There weren't many things that had meaning to him anymore. All he cared about was just lying there.

Well, until the tree was suddenly reduced to splinters in an intense bolt of lightning.

"*Ugh!*" Haiba crumpled to the ground below, landing hard on his stomach. He grunted as several dead branches snapped over the top of his head. The entire tree had been obliterated! And it was a really comfy one, too!

Blinking to make sure that any stray splinters hadn't entered his eyes, Haiba tried to haul himself upwards; he shook off a few laves and twigs as he did so. He looked around the area, and soon found the source of the bolt that had destroyed the tree.

It was a sight that shocked him.

A lion with a sleek black mane and a noticeable scar was firing electricity at a series of trees surrounding the area. He was laughing maniacally—as if destroying the trees were some kind of brilliant victory.

And I really liked that tree, too, Haiba thought with a frown, before taking a few steps towards the destructive lion. His identity was unknown to Haiba, but it didn't take him long to figure out the similarities between the lion and Shocker. *Must be his brother. Where do all these guys come from?*

"Hey! Just what the heck do you think you're doing?" Haiba yelled at the lion, in no mood to joke around with him. He'd had just about enough of misery for one day. Was a day of peace just too much to ask for? *If there are Great Kings of the Past, then they suck.*

The lion turned his attention to Haiba, just about hearing the loud volume of his voice over the sound of his electrical powers. He chuckled. "Oh—a little cub. What do you want?"

"Well, I would like you to leave the Pride Lands and never ever come back," Haiba was quick to retort. "Now *get out*."

The lion chuckled. "I don't think so. You don't know who I am—*do* you?"

"I don't particularly care," Haiba replied honestly. He just wanted him to leave.

"Your rudeness is grating on my nerves," the lion told him, a snarl forming on his face. "I think it's about time that you were dealt with."

"Oh, somebody help me, please," Haiba said flatly. "Come on. I've seen wildebeest with better magical powers than you —"

Haiba cried out as a lightning bolt struck him right in the chest. He flew back into a nearby bush, thankful that it had broken his fall. Growling, he grappled his way out, ready to pounce at the lion. "Oh, now you're going to get it, buster!"

Haiba leapt at the lion, claws outstretched. The lion responded by firing several forks of electricity at him, leaving Haiba screaming and hovering in the air.

"My name is Scar," he told the cub. "You will learn to fear it."

What, does he have psychic powers, too? Haiba wondered, stunned at how Scar was managing to keep him several feet

above the ground. He had to admit that these powers were much stronger than Shocker's. He could only shoot lightning—Scar was throwing him all around the place!

Scar continued to electrocute Haiba, causing him to cry out in pain. With a flick of his paw, the cub was sent flying over the nearby cliff and plummeting downwards—towards his doom.

Scar smirked. "The weak shall not survive."

"Haiba? Haiba!" Simba called, as he wandered into the secluded spot on the outskirts of the Pride Lands. It seemed like an opportune place for those who wanted to be alone. "Are you around here?"

Simba looked around and gasped. He couldn't see it at first, but then he realised that all of the trees had been reduced to smouldering wrecks. "What on earth happened here…?"

The smell of smoke invaded his nostrils. These trees had been burnt—or shocked—right to the ground. Something powerful had destroyed them…

Shocker? Simba suddenly thought. It wasn't impossible. The cub had sworn revenge on them. Maybe now he had finally come to collect it… *It has to be him. No one else has the power to destroy trees like this.*

Simba walked over to one of the annihilated trees, putting a paw to a fallen branch. He yanked it back, almost burnt by the intense heat. "*Ow!*" It was still hot—*really* hot. This had happened recently.

Sighing, Simba turned around from the destruction, a concerned look on his face. *Where are you, Haiba? I hope you're not hurt.*

Haiba had been hurt.

Grunting in pain, he looked at the blood sprayed all over the rocks that he had landed on. He was lucky that there was a small bush nestled in amongst them—otherwise he would have become unrecognisable on impact. "Oh, gosh… That hurt…"

Just about managing to roll over—even though his body was aching horribly—and looked up at the cliff.

That lion—Scar, his name was—had disappeared. *Good riddance,* thought Haiba. He dreaded to think what would have happened had Scar decided to pursue him. He doubted that he would have remained alive for much longer…

Coughing, Haiba managed to choke out, "Help." But it wasn't nearly loud enough for anyone to hear. That is, if there was even anyone around in the first place. Right now, everything surrounding Haiba was deserted and eerily silent. Much to his surprise, he wanted to be in the company of others. Preferably Simba and Nala—as much as they had angered him before.

He tried to pick himself up, but he felt too weak. His entire body had gone numb from the pain. His legs went limp, and he slumped into the rocks again. "Oh…" he moaned, feeling more miserable than ever before. How much more could life take away from him? Could he be dragged down any lower?

"Haiba?"

His eyes widened at the sound of the voice. It sounded like… Simba? It had to be. He had a distinctive voice. It couldn't be anyone else.

"S-Simba…" Haiba whispered, but he was never going to hear him. If he didn't receive any help, then he was pretty sure that he would be dead within the hour. Dead as a dodo…

"Haiba? Haiba!" Simba suddenly spotted him, and rushed over to the mixture of rocks and bushes. "Are you all right?"

"Cliff…" Haiba coughed out. "Thrown… Fell…"

"Oh, gosh," Simba gasped, his mouth dropping open. "You haven't broken anything, have you?"

"I don't… think so," Haiba grunted, waggling his legs to make sure that they were working—albeit just a little bit. "They're just… in bad shape."

"What happened?" Simba demanded. "Did you fall?"

"No." Haiba shook his head slightly. "I was electrocuted—thrown off the cliff."

Simba's eyes snapped onto the cliff, and then back at Haiba. "Shocker—I knew it. He did this to you. Why, I'll—"

"No," Haiba interrupted. "Not Shocker. Someone called…" He strained to recall the name. "Uh…"

"Who, Haiba? Who?" Simba asked frantically.

Haiba stared into his auburn eyes. "*Scar*," he said, before closing his eyes and passing out.

Simba's eyes widened in horror. No… It couldn't be. Not him. Anyone but him. He was long gone. Just a memory. A horrible, evil memory… Was it possible that Haiba had mistaken the name?

Scar… Simba just couldn't take it in. He'd watched him die. He was shot by Hago—right before his eyes. His evil uncle had never even seen it coming. *He died. He died, he died, he died…*

Simba continued to keep telling himself that, but it did nothing to disguise the truth. Deep down, in his heart, he knew that Haiba was right. Scar had come back. It wasn't exactly impossible. He'd seen Hago return from the dead—so why not Scar, too?

It also managed to confuse him. Scar walking around alive and well was one thing, but how did he have the power to level all of the trees nearby to the ground? The only cub he knew with those kinds of powers was Shocker. Unless he somehow had something to do with this also…

Simba frowned. Something *very* wrong was happening, and he had the feeling that it was only going to get worse.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Nala Defends Her Pride

Chapter Six: Nala Defends Her Pride

From the previous evening, Nala had discovered that her mother had no recognition of the events that had transpired during the whole Family of Blood incident. They must have erased her memory—or something like that. So it looked like she didn't have to worry about her mother raising any awkward questions.

Weird questions, however, were a different matter.

"Nala, have you noticed anything odd about Mufasa and Sarabi lately?" Sarafina asked her daughter, catching her as she was on her way out of the den.

"Uh… I guess," Nala replied. She was just about to go out and look for Simba. He'd been searching for Haiba for over a day now. She hoped they hadn't gotten themselves into any danger.

But there was also the horrible possibility that Haiba had somehow—in his anger—hurt Simba. After all, they knew how frightening he could be when he was mad. His anger made him stronger…

"Why are you asking me, anyway, Mom?" Nala questioned. She knew how insane Simba's parents had become in recent times. Luckily, her mother hadn't befallen the same fate. Even if she *was* half-vampire.

"Oh, I don't know," Sarafina sighed. "It's just that they're not the same animals I used to know. It's like someone else has taken over their bodies. But that just sounds silly."

"Maybe that's what happens when you get old?" Nala pathetically suggested with a shrug.

"I'm the same age as them, Nala," Sarafina informed her daughter. "If that were true, then I'd be acting the same." She smiled. "Do you see me acting any differently?"

"No," Nala thankfully agreed. A few weeks ago, she was trying to suck out Nala's blood. It was a relief that she had returned to her good old self. "So if I'm wrong, then what do *you* think?"

"I'm not sure," said Sarafina. "But I'd love to find out. I've been trying to find an excuse to discuss it with them—but they always seem to be busy. Their 'royal duties' just seem to get in the way all of the time." She narrowed her eyes in suspicion. "I'm sure that they're hiding something…"

"Well, good luck with finding out," Nala said, before heading for the exit. "I've got to go and look for Simba."

"Oh. Well, be careful, then."

"I always am," Nala assured her mother, leaving the den.

Sarafina counted exactly nine seconds before her daughter backed up, a disturbed look on her face.

"Mom, do you ever get those days when something really horrible happens?" she asked.

Sarafina became puzzled. "What do you mean, Nala?"

"Well, when I just looked outside, all of the trees were destroyed," she explained, before gulping nervously. "And Simba's Uncle Scar is making his way towards us."

"*Scar*?" Sarafina exclaimed in shock. "But—but… he died! Didn't he?"

"Um… I think he came back," Nala said worriedly.

She was trying to keep a cool head on things. The reappearance of Scar wasn't something to be taken lightly. As far as she was concerned, he was one of the very worst enemies they had ever encountered. One of the first, too. Greedy, evil, and always willing to team up with villains like Hago, he was a formidable foe. In fact, Hago was the lion who had killed him. Nala couldn't say that deplorable father of hers hadn't done at least *something* good.

"We have to warn the King!" Sarafina exclaimed. "Wait…" A realisation occurred to her. "Oh, no."

"What?" Nala asked.

"I just remembered. The King and Sarabi went on a trip this morning. They won't be back for two days!" Sarafina said with

concern. "What are we going to do? The lionesses aren't going to be any match for him without the King helping us!"

"Somehow, I doubt that he'd help us out anyway," Nala mumbled, before affecting a brave look. "Well, I guess there's only one thing we can do."

"What's that?" said Sarafina.

"I'm going to have to become Queen Nala for the day," her cub replied. "I can take care of this. After all, I have this feeling that it's only me he wants. I wasn't exactly one of his closest friends." She thought back to all of the times Scar had attempted to kill her, and frowned. It didn't take long for her hate for him to return.

"*Where is Simba?*" a voice boomed from outside the den. "*Where is he?*"

That creep. Of course. He wanted Simba as well. Both of them, probably. Lucky for him that he was searching for Haiba right now.

Nala gulped as Scar strode into the den, glaring at all of the lionesses. They gasped in surprise as who they were seeing. His sinister eyes locked onto Nala's, and he growled at the sight of her.

"*Nala*," he said with disgust. "How… *unpleasant* to see you again."

Nala stood firm, filled with courage. She wasn't scared of him. "Scar. I see you're back from the dead." She didn't sound so surprised at the fact. After all, she'd seen lions like Hago come back to life before.

"That I am, Nala," Scar said with a smile. "Now, where's Prince Simba? It is time for his execution. His punishment for disallowing my right to the throne."

"The Pride Lands will never be yours," Nala told him bravely. "You lost your right as soon as Simba was born!"

"I can remedy that," Scar retorted. "As soon as he and the King are dead."

"The King's gone," Nala said. "And so is Simba. The Queen, too. I'm the only one here."

Scar's eyes widened. "Oh, dear. Well, I suppose I'll have to leave, then. Search for him. After all, I can't allow the little weed to live as long as I'm here." He turned around and began to walk away.

Nala smiled. He was going? At least that would give them some time to fight back.

"*But*," Scar turned back around, grinning evilly, "I think that I'm going to need some assistance."

"What?" said Nala, not understanding.

"You will help me find Simba," Scar told her.

Nala laughed. "I don't think so! I'll never listen to you!"

"That can be rectified," Scar said, before holding out his forepaws.

Scar shot out several forks of lightning—yet this time they took on a different appearance. The lightning was *green*.

It struck the lionesses in the head, and their eyes began to glow a similar colour. Their expressions became blank, motionless. Zombie-like.

"*We will obey*," they said in unison.

"Huh?" Stunned, Nala looked around. In just seconds, Scar had taken over the minds of the entire pride. "Mom, you have to help me stop him! Mom?"

But it was too late. Her mother was under Scar's control, too. "*I will obey*," she said.

"Oh, no…" Nala moaned, turning back to look at Scar. "How are you doing this?"

"I'm doing it *easily*," Scar retorted, before firing more green lightning straight at Nala, laughing with glee.

Before she could do anything, it hit her right in the face. She stood there, stunned. A feeling of emptiness suddenly washed over her. She wanted to do only one thing. Obey Scar.

"*I will obey*."

"Oh…" Shocker moaned, putting a paw to his forehead. It was thumping. He could smell smoke. His whole body felt like it was on fire. "My head hurts…"

"I see you're up," said a voice.

Shocker yanked his head up to see the Interceptor sat on a nearby rock, looking rather bored with things. Froggy was still unconscious, lying beside a tree.

Suddenly, all of his memories raced back into his skull. *Scar.* That dirty little traitor. He'd tricked him. All of that work—all of that *effort*—he'd put into resurrecting the villain, and how was he repaid? By having his own powers thrust right back at him. What a reward.

"I see the plan didn't go as well as you hoped," the Interceptor told him. "That Scar wasn't exactly a friendly guy, was he?"

"I never said he was friendly," said Shocker, climbing to his paws. "I just thought he would be understanding of how much we had in common. And I believed everything that he said, too." He felt ashamed of himself for being so foolish.

"Then what do we do?" the Interceptor asked. "I wouldn't mind going after him and ripping his eyes right out of his sockets. The Pride Lands are only an hour away."

"You know what?" Shocker smiled. "I think you may have a good plan there."

Shocker suddenly felt a surge of power flowing through his veins. Scar could be stopped, all right—and he would make sure of it. Scar would pay the price for messing with Shocker. He would pay for it *dearly*.

Shocker looked at the Interceptor. "*I like it!*"

AN: Oh, no. With the whole pride under his control, Scar must be unstoppable, right? Well, don't worry. Shocker and the Interceptor are on the case. They're actually doing something good for once. I guess you could say that's quite *shocking*, huh, huh?

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: The Madness of King Scar

AN: HappyHalloween! Well, it's time to see how this all turns out. Will Scar continue to rule over the Pride Lands. We shall see, in the climax to this nasty little tale!

Wondrous-Serendipity: Thanks a lot. I implore you to think of the Interceptor's voice as that of Sean O'Kane's. It's supposed to be him. Who else could play the Interceptor? And yes, I have seen all the episodes, and I do listen to the theme whenever writing his scenes. It helps a lot, actually.

LionKingFactsGuy2: You can never go wrong with a bit of mind control. The perfect way to make sure your pride listens.

Chapter Seven: The Madness of King Scar

"Haiba, you have to tell me," Simba urged, desperation in his eyes. "What did Scar want?"

But Haiba didn't answer. He was completely unconscious. The fall must have completely shattered what strength he had. Simba didn't expect that to be much—after all, the guy was suffering from extreme depression. There wasn't going to be a lot fight in him.

"Haiba, please—wake up!" Simba exclaimed, shaking him as gently as he possibly could. He needed Haiba's knowledge—he needed to know whether Scar had let anything slip about his plans. If Scar was back—and Simba completely believed in that possibility—then it could spell certain doom for the Pride Lands. Simba's father may have been an awful ruler in recent times, but Scar would make everything so much worse. Plus he would kill him.

But Haiba didn't stir. Maybe he was dying. Maybe he was already dead. "This is hopeless!" Simba declared, turning away from Haiba's unconscious form and feeling wretched for not being able to do anything. "I don't know where he is, or what he's doing. He could have enslaved the whole pride by now."

"I can't believe I've enslaved the whole pride by now!" Scar exclaimed, a pleased grin on his face. "Productivity has never been higher."

He embraced the power which he had been granted. In transferring his life over to Scar, he had also transferred his powers—and Scar had been granted powers of his own. Clearly Shocker's resurrection had opened up a part of him that he never even knew had existed. The invincible side of Scar. The side that no one would be able to stop. For so many years he'd dreamed of ruling over the Pride Lands—now that dream was finally becoming a reality.

With Simba, the King, and the Queen gone, he could do as he pleased. They would be no match for the pride that was now under his control. He had a small army of obedient—and savage—lionesses. They wouldn't hesitate to kill if Scar desired so.

"*Master*." Nala's obedient voice was music to his ears. The absence of her feisty nature was accepted happily by him. She was so much better without her free will. "*There is still no trace of Simba.*"

Scar frowned. Where had the little brat gotten to? With his newfound abilities, he could sense his presence nearby. Far away—but not too far for Scar to detect. Probably somewhere on the edge of the Pride Lands. Just like him to try and hide.

"I want him found," Scar told Nala firmly. "Bring him to me. His execution is long overdue."

"*Yes, master,*" Nala agreed, before turning away and walking out of the den.

Scar suddenly rose to his paws, sensing further movement somewhere in the Pride Lands. Not Simba. Someone else… Two life forms. Coming closer and closer. It didn't take long for him to figure out who these arrivals were.

Shocker strode across the ground with purpose, determined to find Scar and deliver the punishment that he deserved. He was wrong to even *think* about resurrecting that traitor—it was a stupid idea. He vowed never to make such a silly mistake ever again. "He's going to regret meddling with me…"

"You can talk," said the Interceptor, walking alongside him. Three bloody claw marks ran down his left cheek. "No one scars the Interceptor and gets away with it. I'm going to make sure that the little creep pays—with his life."

"Patience, Interceptor," said Shocker. "You will get your reward soon enough. In order to catch our prey, we must be careful. His powers have exceeded that of mine. There's no other way he would have been able to stop me. Something must have gone wrong…" He glanced aside in reflection of his actions.

"What do you mean?" asked the Interceptor.

"The resurrection was failed," Shocker admitted, bowing his head in shame. "In transferring my own powers, I must have inadvertently granted him powers of his own. He could be infinitely powerful."

"Oh, that's just great," the Interceptor said sarcastically. "Then how are we supposed to kill him?"

"Even the most powerful of lions have weaknesses," Shocker told him. "And I already know what Scar's weakness is."

"Spit it out, then," said the Interceptor.

"His overconfidence will be his downfall," Shocker replied. "It's what happened last time. He got cocky—and ended up being blasted with deadly magic. Think about it."

The Interceptor considered it. "So what we have to do is make him even cockier?" he presumed.

Shocker nodded. "That's the idea. We get him to start gloating—and then strike where it hurts the most."

The Interceptor chuckled evilly at the thought. "We'll rip him in half. That way we get two Scars for the price of one."

Shocker shot him a look. "No, that's two halves."

The Interceptor glared at him. "I'll crack the jokes."

"Okay." Simba gently placed Haiba's body in a softer bush. He would be much safer there—for now, at least. "You'll be okay, Haiba. That should hold you until after I take care of Scar."

If *I take care of Scar,* Simba thought with a nervous gulp. *From what I've seen, he's more powerful than ever before.*

Simba glanced one more time at Haiba's body—sure that he would be all right for now—and then walked away. *If Scar's going to try and take over the Pride Lands, then there's only one place that he'd go—Pride Rock.*

Scar was lying on his side, enjoying the good life of having an entire kingdom under his rule, when a sudden bolt of lighting zipped through the sky outside. "*What?*" he yelled, rising to his paws and gaping at where it had once been.

Another lightning bolt seared past. "*Scar!*" a voice screamed from outside—below Pride Rock, Scar could detect. "*Where are you? Come down here and fight, you coward!*"

Scar growled with rage. "No one calls me a coward," he spat, before striding out of the den. No need to rush—it wasn't like anyone could stop him. "Who dares to call me a coward?"

Stepping out onto Pride Rock, on the ground below Scar could see Shocker. His paws were sparking with his traditional electricity. "I'm back."

"*You* again?" Scar roared. "I thought you were dead."

"Never wound what you can't kill," Shocker replied coldly. "I'm here to punish you for your traitorous ways. No one betrays me and gets away with it."

"Yeah—I thought we were on your side," agreed the Interceptor, who was stood next to Shocker.

"I'm the King—I'm not on anybody's side!" Scar declared. "No one will stop me from ruling my pride!"

"It was never your pride," Shocker told him, "and you're not the King. Even a heartless cub like me can agree on that."

Scar's growl increased in volume, as the lionesses gathered on either side of him. "*Shall we destroy them, master?*" they asked in unison.

Scar stared at the smile on Shocker's face, and decided that he was going to knock it off by himself. "No," he told his obedient servants. "Your King will take care of this on his own. You may have the privilege of watching."

Crouching low, Scar performed an almighty leap from the edge of Pride Rock. He flipped in the air and touched down firmly on the ground below, facing Shocker. "I will always be the King," he told him. "You cannot do anything to stop me."

"Oh, is that so?" asked Shocker questioningly. "We shall see. Let me lighten up the mood a little bit."

Aiming his paws at the end, Shocker fired several streams of lighting into the sky. A few seconds later, a loud boom of thunder was heard reverberating throughout the kingdom. Soon after, rain began to splatter onto the ground. Wind howled across the kingdom. Lightning streaked across the skies.

Shocker had created a storm.

"Impressive," Scar said flatly, his mane swaying in the intense wind. "But your fancy tricks will do nothing to usurp my eternal powers. I can strike you down in a matter of seconds."

Raising his own paws, Scar shot several forks of lightning at Shocker. The cub repeated the action, firing his own lightning and deflecting Scar's away from him. "You will never strike me down ever again. *Not ever*."

Scar roared with anger, increasing the strength of his lightning. Shocker stumbled backwards—but did not fall. The cub held his ground, summoning up all the strength he could and shooting more lightning back at Scar. "*Die, cub!*"

"*You will be the one to die!*" Shocker raged.

The Interceptor decided to quickly flee, not really too eager to get in the way of their fearsome battle. He would just leave them to it.

Just as he was leaving the field they were in, he was grabbed by someone. His eyes widened in alarm when he realised who had caught him.

"Gotcha," said Simba.

Haiba's eyes snapped open—and he was relieved to see a friendly face staring back at him.

"Oh, hey, Nala," he said, smiling. "For a second there, I thought someone else had found me. Although I must say that it's pretty weird how your eyes are glowing green, and you… have that sort of… blank… look on your face… Actually, that's kind of creepy."

Nala grabbed Haiba by the throat, wrenching him to his paws. "Hey, I like it rough, girl—but this isn't the time."

It didn't take him long to figure out that Nala was under some form of mind control. Probably that Scar guy—whoever he was. It had to be. After all, who else possessed such great powers?

"*Where is Simba?*" she demanded, in a tone that confirmed Haiba's suspicion. *Definitely* mind control. "*Where is he?*"

"Nala, you have to listen to me," Haiba urged, trying to break through the hold that Scar had over here. "You're being controlled. You—"

Nala tightened her grip on his throat. "*I will not listen to you. I obey only Scar. Only Scar.*"

"Oh, brilliant," said Haiba, rolling his eyes. "Come on, Nala. Look into my eyes. You know you don't want to obey a creep like that."

Nala tossed Haiba into the air, sending him crashing into the cliff wall. "*Ack!*" he grunted, collapsing to the ground in a heap. "I am *so* dead."

"*You are correct,*" Nala told him. "*I must kill all intruders.*"

"But I'm not an intruder!" Haiba protested. "I—"

Nala pounced at him, and he soon found himself being pinned down by her. She sure had some strength! "Nala…" he groaned, burning with agony on the inside. His body was already weak enough—he didn't need this! "Please… listen to me…"

"*You will die,*" Nala said blankly, before beginning to strangle him. Haiba cried out in pain as her claws viciously attacked his neck. "*Die…*"

Haiba's vision began to blur a strange white colour. His throat felt tight and constricted. He couldn't believe. He felt like he was going to sleep… *for ever.*

Struggling for breath, Haiba did the first idea that popped into his head.

He tickled Nala on the stomach.

"*Hey!*" Nala's eyes popped back to their normal colour, and she fell onto her back, giggling a little. "Who did that?"

Haiba let out a massive sigh of relief. "That's the last time I let a girl get her claws around *my* neck."

Shaking her head, Nala's memories suddenly came flooding back into her head. "Oh, no… What have I done?"

"You were being controlled, Nala," Haiba explained. "You tried to kill me."

"But I felt so… empty," Nala said in shock. "So… *obedient*."

"Yeah, well, it wasn't your fault," Haiba sighed, before hauling himself upwards. "Please tell me you know what's going on."

"Scar came back," Nala explained.

"Who's Scar?" Haiba asked, confused.

"You don't know who Scar is?" Nala said, raising an eyebrow.

"No," Haiba replied. "Should I?"

"*Yes*!" Nala exclaimed. "He's Simba's uncle! He took over the Pride Lands! Hago killed him! He's evil! He's greedy! He's mean! *Is that enough information for you?*" Nala was panting by the time she finished her rant.

"Whoa, whoa! Calm down!" Haiba said. "So I know now. Great. Um, shouldn't we be trying to stop him?"

"I was *trying* to earlier," she stressed. "Before he put me under his control. But you're right. I don't know what he'll do to the kingdom otherwise."

"Then you're gonna have to carry me." Nala shot him a disapproving look. "What? I was thrown off a cliff!"

"What do you want?" the Interceptor asked, shaking Simba off of him. "I'm trying to make a speedy escape!"

"You're not going anywhere," Simba told him. "And what are you doing here, anyway?"

"The Shocker kid wants to get rid of Scar," the Interceptor explained. "He brought him back to life."

Simba glanced at the battle raging between Scar and Shocker. They were firing two continuous streams of lightning at each other—one purple, one red. "I'm guessing Scar wasn't exactly listening to him."

The Interceptor nodded. "And now Shocker wants revenge. Pretty big battle, though, huh? *I like it!*"

Simba's ears rang. "Could you stop saying that? Anyway, I'm going to need your help."

"Help?" said the Interceptor. "Help with what?"

"Need an extra paw, Simba?" offered a voice.

Simba turned around to see Nala walking towards him. Haiba was lying across her back. "Hey, Simba," he said wearily, managing a pathetic wave.

"What happened to you?" Simba exclaimed.

"She was under Scar's control," Haiba explained. "He's brainwashed the entire pride."

"Haven't heard that one before," Nala muttered quietly.

"I have an idea," Simba told them. "We can stop Scar."

"How?" asked the Interceptor.

"What's he doing here?" Nala asked, eyes wide at the sight of him.

"It's a long story," Simba said. "I'll tell you later. But first we have to kill Scar."

"*I like it!*" the Interceptor cried. "But how do you kill an angry mite like that?"

"We *don't*," Simba replied simply. "We let Shocker do it. All we have to do his help him a little."

"How do you mean?" Haiba asked.

Scar was focused on only Shocker. This cub had proved to be tough—the toughest cub he'd ever met—but he knew that in the end, his efforts would be futile. Shocker would fall—just like so many other lions that Scar had murdered.

"Give up now," Scar snarled. "You cannot win."

"I will *never* surrender!" Shocker cried, keeping the streams of lightning constant.

Scar chuckled, and then concentrated his powers even further. The lightning turned a sickly shade of green, before breaking through Shocker's powers and striking him in the chest. He doubled over, flipping and bumping across the ground before skidding into a large rock.

Shocker's eyes closed, and he remained there. Motionless.

Scar laughed. "*Victory is mine!*" he proclaimed.

"*Scar!*" a voice that Scar recognised all too well yelled.

Scar's eyes snapped onto the form of Simba, stood to the side of the field. The cub was using that brave expression that he always had whenever facing him. How he despised every inch of that little insect…

However, Scar found himself smiling at the sight of him. "Simba… what a pleasant surprise. How kind of you to join us."

"I see you have new powers," Simba noticed, staring down his nemesis. After everyone he'd faced, Scar was still one of his worst enemies.

"Yes." Scar's smile widened. "They were granted to me by that insufferable cub lying in a heap over there. I must admit…" he raised a paw, watching it crackle with electrical energy, "it's very *shocking*."

"You won't get away with this." Simba took a step towards Scar. "I won't allow it."

"You have no say in the matter," Scar replied. "Needless to say, I think it's time to begin your execution. You're the one thing that's stopping me from taking over this kingdom. I can't allow you to live, you understand."

"Fine," Simba said, much to Scar's surprise. "If you want to kill me so bad, then do it. As long as it saves everyone else."

Scar's eyes narrowed with pleasure. Of course. The little cub would do anything to protect the ones he loved. Even if that meant sacrificing himself. It created the most perfect of opportunities. Now he would be *truly* unstoppable. "Then so be it."

Scar raised his forepaws, ready to shock Simba to death—

—when suddenly, he was grabbed from either side.

"I don't think so, mate," sneered the Interceptor, who had hold of his left side.

"You're not hurting anyone anymore," Nala told him, grabbing his right side. She looked at the Interceptor. "Now!"

They both jumped away from Scar, leaving him looking around in confusion.

"What? But—" Scar cried out in pain as an electrical shock suddenly tore through his body. His mouth twisted in a cry of agony. Through the haze of purple lightning, he could make it the form of Shocker holding out his paws. He was electrocuting him.

Rising to his paws, Shocker continued to fire the deadly forks of lightning. He hadn't really been knocked unconscious.

He was just playing dead—waiting for the moment when Scar would let his guard down. He was right after all—his overconfidence really *was* his downfall.

Scar screamed and twisted around on the ground, unable to do anything but feel the full wrath of Shocker's powers.

"No one messes with Shocker," he told the villainous lion. "*No one*."

Scar couldn't reply. The pain was too much. He couldn't do anything to fight back.

Shocker focused his powers to the very maximum—and grinned with malice as Scar caught fire.

His whole body was alight; the lightning was so strong that it had set him on fire. Shocker laughed evilly at the top of his voice as Scar burnt to death. Victory was *his*!

Scar's screams reached their full volume—

—before he exploded into flames, which flickered and died moments after rolling across the ground. There wasn't even a skeleton left.

Shocker grinned. "*I like it!*"

Simba, Nala and Haiba sat on the edge of Pride Rock, watching as the figures of Shocker and the Interceptor disappeared over the horizon. They didn't expect the two would be so eager to cause trouble after everything that they'd been through.

The pride had snapped out of Scar's mind control the moment he was killed. Everything was more or less back to normal. Even the trees were coming back to life…

"All's well that ends well," Haiba said, exhaling air from his cheeks. "No more Scar."

"Yeah," sighed Simba. "He was the worst. I don't know how bad the Pride Lands would have come if Shocker hadn't killed him."

"I guess even villains have their own sense of good," Nala mused. "Maybe that's why Shocker stopped him."

"Maybe," Simba agreed. "Either that or he wanted to uphold his reputation."

"It still makes you wonder, though," Haiba said. "How exactly did Shocker's resurrection go wrong?"

"I guess we'll never know…" Nala said.

On the outskirts of the Pride Lands, King Mufasa and Queen Sarabi stared at the damage Scar had caused to the trees. Due to his death, it was slowly being undone. Like he had never even been there…

The two looked at each other, smiled, and began to chuckle evilly. Their eyes turned an ugly black colour.

Things were going according to plan.

The End

AN: Bet you didn't expect Mufasa and Sarabi to have something to do with this, did you? Well, they're sneaky little rulers. Always doing things from behind the scenes... I wonder what their plan is. You can speculate if you wish—but you won't find out for a little while longer...

NEXT TIME: A strange liquid contaminates the waterhole. Anyone who drinks it is immediately attracted to the first animal they see. The trouble is, Nala just happened to be nearby...